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He went to top of Mountain of Montezuma, where the eagles lived, and lay on his back when he heard them coming. They carried him to their nest. They told their children, "I have brought you something to eat." They struck the boy with a rock. The steer's brains and blood came out. They told their young to eat, and they would hunt some more. Then they flew away and left the young with him. Both tried to eat meat. Boy said, "Sh-sh-sh!" Then he asked, "Where does your mother sit?" They told him the rock where she usually sat. He took a lot of pine pitch and put it on top of the rock where she sat. Then, when she returned, she dropped on the rock, and her feet stuck so she could not get them out. Then the boy put the pine pitch on the rock where the father sat. He was hunting, and heard a great noise. It was the struggle between the boy and the eagles. He came flying, and was stuck to his rock: so the boy took a stick and killed him. He took both young ones and threw them down the side of the mountain.

Now he did not know how he would get down. He tried to sing a medicine-song. He put the medicine on his hands; and while he was singing, he pressed his hands and head down, and the rock began to go down the mountain. Half way down he saw an old lady carrying a basket, and he called, "Grandmother, come and get me!" She asked, "How did you get up there? No one can get up there. The eagles will kill you." He said, "I killed all of the eagles. Come and get me!"

The rocks were very sharp. The old lady turned herself into a bat, and began to climb by the rocks. She carried her basket by her head-rope. She wanted to carry him down in the basket, but he thought the head-string was too slender. She told him to put a big blue rock in to test it. He did so, and it held the weight. Then he took out the rock and climbed in himself. She told him, "Sit in the basket. Do not open your eyes! If you do, the string will break and kill us." So he sat with his eyes tight closed. By and by he thought he would open his eyes and see if what she told him was true. He opened his eyes, and the string broke, and they fell. The grandmother was hurt: legs, arms, and hands (wrists) broken. The boy says, "I will cure you right away." (Here the interpreter demonstrated by rolling up his sleeve and rubbing his forearm until he obtained some tiny bits of dead skin, and these he used.) So the boy touched the broken places with the substance he gathered from his skin, and moisture from his tongue, and they were well at once.

2. *A Story of Coyote* (Ca-tha-ta-han-na). — In the beginning, people say, if a person dies, they can come back to earth in four days.

Coyote says, "No, if person dies, they cannot come back."

Coyote had a daughter. Medicine-Man poisoned her, then she died. Then Coyote asked people, "Did you say the dead could return in four days? My daughter is dead."

People said, "You said the dead could not come back."

People said, "We have nothing to do with Coyote's daughter. She cannot come back."

M. K. GOULD.

TWO PLAINS CREE TALES. 1. *Wisā'kitcā'x and Buzzard*.¹ — Wisā'kitcā'x was travelling. He killed a buffalo, and cooked the carcass. While waiting

¹ This story was told by George Adsit in relating the origin of the unfeathered head and neck of the buzzard. He heard it from the Plains Cree. Compare PAES 9 : 129.

for it to cook, he fell asleep. When he awoke, he found that Buzzard had eaten all, leaving only the bones. He lay down, concealing himself among the bones, and never moved. Buzzard, thinking Wisā'kitcā'x had left, came close up to the bones. Wisā'kitcā'x seized him by the legs and beat him. He then spit on his head and pushed it into his anus. He walked around for about a week with Buzzard's head this way. Then he pulled it out and examined it. Buzzard was still alive; but his head and neck had become rotten, and all the feathers had come off. Wisā'kitcā'x now transformed him into the turkey-buzzard, saying, "Henceforth you shall be the buzzard, and all shall know you as a carrion-bird. You shall always have this mark of a rotten head and neck, because you stole my meat. People shall call you ugly." Before this Buzzard was handsome, like Eagle.

2. *Wisā'kitcā'x and the Buffalo-Marrow*.¹ — Wisā'kitcā'x was travelling along Milk River (?), and saw a bladder of buffalo-marrow floating on the stream. He picked it up, ate the contents, and threw the empty bladder into the river. The bladder made foam, and since then there has been foam on all water. The marrow worked in him, and he began to defecate. Every little distance he had to stop. At last he could not move away, but defecated without ceasing at one place. A lake formed, and he was now in danger of drowning. He called on the willow-trees for help. Each kind of willow came one after another, and bent over to pull him out. As he took hold of each, it broke. At last the red willow came and drooped over. He took hold of it, and was pulled out.² Wisā'kitcā'x was very grateful for this help, and, as a mark of distinction, painted the bark of this tree red and its berries white. The lake Wisā'kitcā'x defecated remained in this place. It is called "*Stinking Lake*" by the whites, and "*Pagō'gi*" by the Blackfoot. The stench of the lake can be smelled several miles away. The lake is north of the Sweet-Grass Hills in Alberta.

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TRADITIONAL BELIEF CONCERNING THE GENERATION OF THE OPOSSUM (*Didelphys virginiana*, L.). — The opossum figures in the folk-lore of the North American Indians, the negroes and whites of the South, and the natives of Mexico. Such stories as the writer has seen concern the opossum's hairless tail, its broad grin when in the attitude of fear or anger, its habit of feigning death ("playing 'possum"), and its use for food. There seems to be no published reference to the prevalent notion regarding the mode of generation in this animal, — a notion which is deeply ingrained in the popular mind, from New Jersey to the Rio Grande River. This general belief is that the opossum copulates through the nostrils, and that the female blows the fruit of conception into the pouch. This is illustrated by the following note, dated April, 1921, sent to me from Tucson, Ariz., by J. Ross Thurman: "There are many old men in the South who believe the old Southern adage that the organ of the male [opossum] is forked, and the intercourse takes place in the nose of the female. As ridiculous as this sounds, I have never heard of any one who could deny it or explain it."

¹ This story was told by George Adsit, who heard it from the Plains Cree.

² This part of the story seems to bear a resemblance to the Thompson story of Coyote, who was in a deep hole, unable to get out. He called on all the animals, who came one after another and hung their tails over. At last one pulled him out.